

MODERN

STILL 52 PAGES

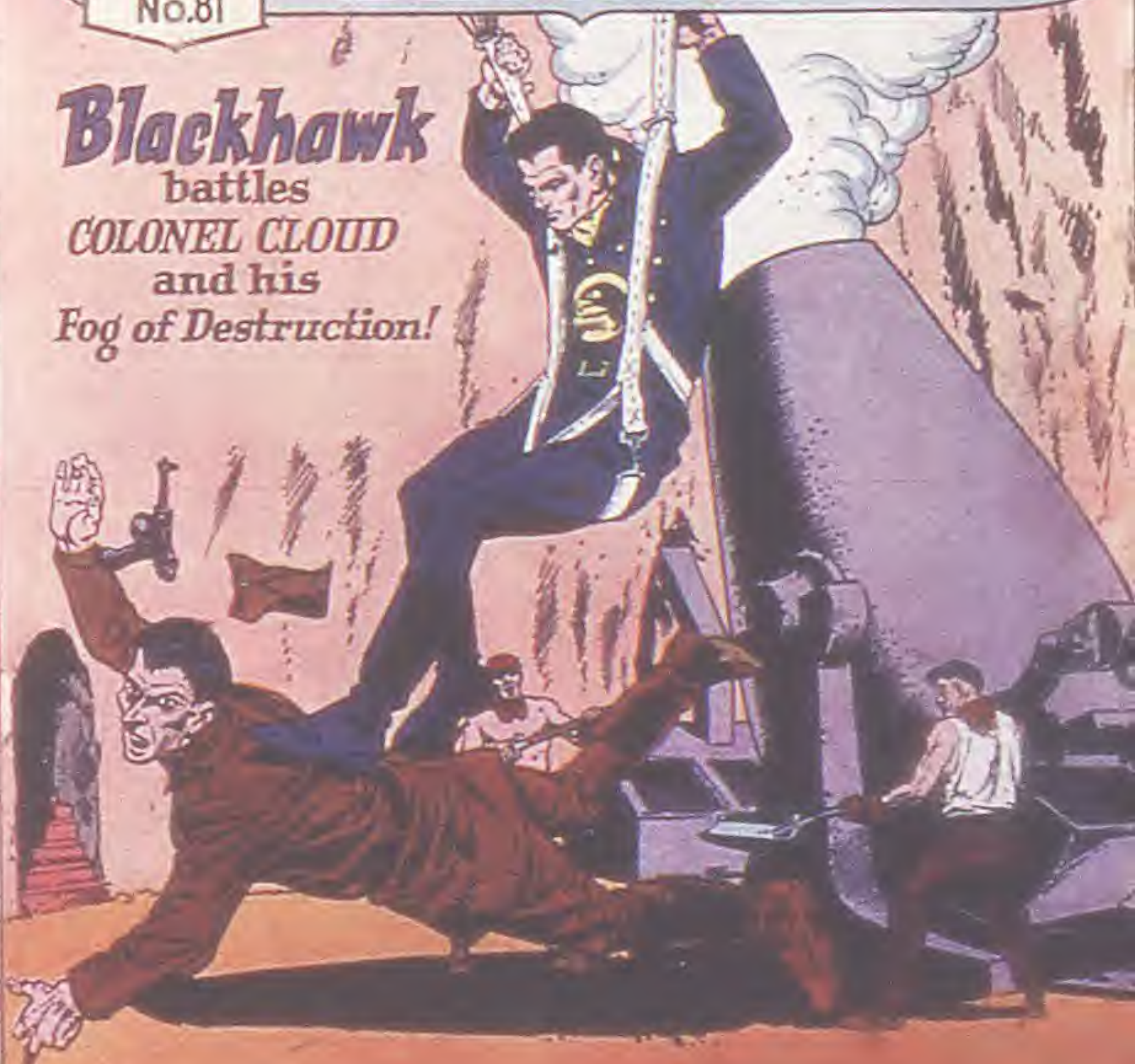
JANUARY
No.81

COMICS

10¢

Blackhawk

battles
COLONEL CLOUD
and his
Fog of Destruction!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

BLACKHAWK



Freedom! Everywhere men long for it... and other men try to fight it!

Colonel Cloud diabolically twisted a great invention into a weapon to subjugate a peace-loving people of a free country... But he reckoned without **BLACKHAWK** and his fighting companions!

The Blackhawks put an end to Colonel Cloud and his tyrannical ambitions in short order... and turned his weapon of oppression into a means to prevent hunger and want!

Deep in the valleys of the tiny Leuchtenberg Republic, springs new hope in a strife-weary people.



LOOK, JAN! OUR FIELDS WILL SOON BE GREEN AGAIN!

YES, PETER, IF THE WEATHER HOLDS, WE WILL SEE AN END TO FAMINE AND POVERTY!

THE FARMERS OF LEUCHTENBERG ARE KEEPING AN ANXIOUS EYE ON THE WEATHER, JAN! NOT ONLY OUR FOOD, BUT OUR FREEDOM MAY DEPEND ON THE HARVEST!



LISTEN TO THAT OAF BABELING ABOUT FREEDOM!



WHO'S SNEERING AT FREEDOM?

BAH! COARSE PEASANTS LIKE YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO USE THE WORD!



THE ONLY THING IGNORANT BRUTES LIKE YOU UNDERSTAND IS DISCIPLINE AND REGIMENTATION! I'LL SHOW YOU ALL BEFORE LONG!

THE ONLY THING A MAN LIKE YOU UNDERSTANDS IS...



THIS...

CAREFUL, JAN! THAT'S COLONEL CLOUD!



LAGHH!

THAT'S FOR STRIKING OUR HEROIC LEADER, YOU ROGUE! GO ON, DRIVER!



Later a message reaches Blackhawk Island—

WIT ALL DER TROUBLE THERE IS IN DER WORLD, YOU'D THINK SOMEONE WOULD REMEMBER THE BLACKHAWKS!

SOMEONE HAS, HENDRICKSON! THIS LETTER HAS BEEN ON ITS WAY FOR WEEKS!



IT'S FROM A MAN NAMED PETER ZELL, CHUCK! HE WANTS US TO COME AND SAVE THE LEUCHTENBERG REPUBLIC FROM DISASTER!

IT WAS MAILED OUTSIDE THE COUNTRY— PROBABLY TO AVOID CENSORSHIP!



I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ZELL — BUT I'VE HEARD OF LEUCHTENBERG! A MAN NAMED CLOUD IS EXPECTED TO SEIZE THE GOVERNMENT ANY DAY NOW!

ALL THE MORE REASON TO HURRY THERE BEFORE HE TAKES OVER!



ALL RIGHT, MEN! WE'LL LOOK IN ON LEUCHTENBERG AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO!

I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO ZEES, OLAF! I HAVE HEARD ZE GIRLS ZERE ARE RAVISSANT!



Minutes later... AND HOW DO WE FIND ZEES PETER ZELL, BLACKHAWK?

HIS LETTER SAYS HIS WHEATFIELD IS THE ONLY PLACE IN LEUCHTENBERG FLAT ENOUGH FOR A LANDING, ANDRE, NOW THAT CLOUD'S FACTION CONTROLS THE GOVERNMENT AIRPORT!



Soon... THIS MUST BE ZELL'S FARM... WE'VE CIRCLED THE WHOLE COUNTRY AND THIS IS THE BIGGEST FIELD WE'VE SEEN!

BY YIMMINY, A FLY BAN HAVE TROUBLE LANDING IN LEUCHTENBERG!





THE BLACKHAWKS...
AT LAST!

IT'S CLOUDY OVERHEAD...LOOKS LIKE IT
MIGHT STORM! STRANGE THAT WE DIDN'T
SPOT ANY SIGNS OF BAD WEATHER
BEFORE!



YOU MUST BE
PETER ZELL!
SORRY WE
HAD TO SPOIL
YOUR CROP IN
LANDING!

I WELCOME YOU
GLADLY, BLACK-
HAWK! AS FOR
MY CROP, IT IS
RUINED ANYWAY!



I KNOW SOMETHING
ABOUT BOTANY--THIS
WHEAT LOOKS AS IF
IT DIDN'T HAVE
ENOUGH
SUNLIGHT!

ALWAYS
THERE IS
A CLOUD
BETWEEN
THE SUN AND
MY FIELD! IT IS THE
SAME WITH EVERY
FARMER WHO OPPOSES
COLONEL CLOUD! HE IS
AT THE BOTTOM OF
THIS!



POWERFUL AS HE IS, THIS
COLONEL CLOUD
CAN'T MAKE THE
WEATHER! PERHAPS
...BUT THAT
DOESN'T MATTER
NOW THAT YOU ARE
HERE! MY SISTER
HAS WAITED EVERY
DAY TO WELCOME
THE BLACKHAWKS
--TODAY SHE WILL
NOT BE DIS-
APPOINTED!



THIS IS MY
SISTER! AND
HERE, BURIED
BESIDE THE
DOOR IS--

AH, MADEMOISELLE!
I AM ENCHANTED!



SEE! THEY HAVE NO
RESPECT FOR THE
DEAD--SOMEONE HAS
DEFACED THE
INSCRIPTION
SINCE I LAST
SAW IT!

THAT'S RIGHT!
THE PAINT IS
STILL FRESH!



IT MEANS THAT
CLOUD'S MEN
HAVE BEEN
HERE!

THEY
STILL ARE,
ZELL!

















DOCTAG

BUT TEACHER,
MY FATHER SAYS
YOU CAN'T EVEN
ADD THINGS LIKE
TWO APPLES AND
TWO ORANGES!

SURE I CAN! TWO APPLES
PLUS TWO ORANGES EQUALS
FRUIT SALAD!

$3+4=9$
 $4-2=3$



At the residence of
B. Phineas Van Pess—

I RESIGN, MR. VAN
PESS!

NO! NO! YOU'D BE
THE SEVENTEENTH
TUTOR TO WALK
OUT ON MY SON!

IT'S NO USE, MR. VAN PESS! ONLY
A MORON WOULD TAKE YOUR
SON'S ABUSE!

THE THINGS HE
SAYS ABOUT ME!
AND I ONLY TAPPED
HIM TWICE WITH MY
BASEBALL BAT!













Torchy

I GUESS I'M
STILL A
FAIL-URE, MISS
FRAMP! BUT
I'M JUST NO
GOOD AT
FIGURES!



SPECIAL
DELIVERY
MISS TODD!

OH, DEAR! MY
MAIL ALWAYS
COMES AT THE MOST
INCONVENIENT
TIMES!

M-MISS TODD,
I AM FORCED TO
DISAGREE WITH
YOU!

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WELL, WE HAVE AN EQUAL NUMBER OF MEN AND WOMEN, SO... I HAVE IT! THE MEMBERS OF THE PRESENT GRADUATING CLASS WILL JUDGE! I'LL CALL THEM IN!

REALLY, MISS TODD, I'M A SIMPLY OUTSTANDING MATHEMATICIAN NOW! DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD BE SENSIBLE AND RESIGN?

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT YOU, AMBROSE! YOU'RE NO GENTLEMAN! I'M STAYING IN THE RACE! SOME PEOPLE THINK I'M PRETTY OUTSTANDING, MYSELF!



AND HERE ARE OUR TWO NOMINEES, CHILDREN! THEY'LL TELL YOU THEIR QUALIFICATIONS!

TELL US? YOU THINK WE'RE BLIND?

TO THINK! ONCE SHE, TOO, WORE BRACES ON HER TEETH!

MY DEAR CHILDREN, YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! I AM A GENIUS! I CAN ADD THREE COLUMNS OF FIGURES IN THIRTY SECONDS! I CAN—

I REALLY SHOULDN'T BE IN THIS CONTEST, KIDS! I HAVEN'T A THING TO OFFER!





I'LL FIX THIS!

GIRLS! THINK OF YOUR FUTURES! ELECT A MAN!

MAYBE SOMEONE'S GOT SOMETHING! I'VE HEARD ABOUT THESE OLD SPINSTERS!

AW, GIVE TORCHY A BREAK! AFTER ALL, MAYBE PRIDE'S KEPT HER FROM GETTING KITCHED!



THE VOTE SEEMS CLEAR! AN OVERWHELMING MAJORITY HAS ELECTED...



MISS TORCHY TODD!

I THINK YOU'RE ALL JUST MEAN!

YEAH, TORCHY!



FOR YOU, MISS TODD, THIS ENGRAVED PLAQUE! AND...

OH, THANK YOU!



...FOR THE RUNNER-UP... THIS IS QUITE EMBARRASSING, BUT... ER... FOR YOU, AMBROSE, THIS CH-CHARMING ADDING MACHINE!

FACTS AND FIGURES MUST ADD UP TO SOMETHING, AMBROSE! AND YOU'RE NOT IT!

BAH!

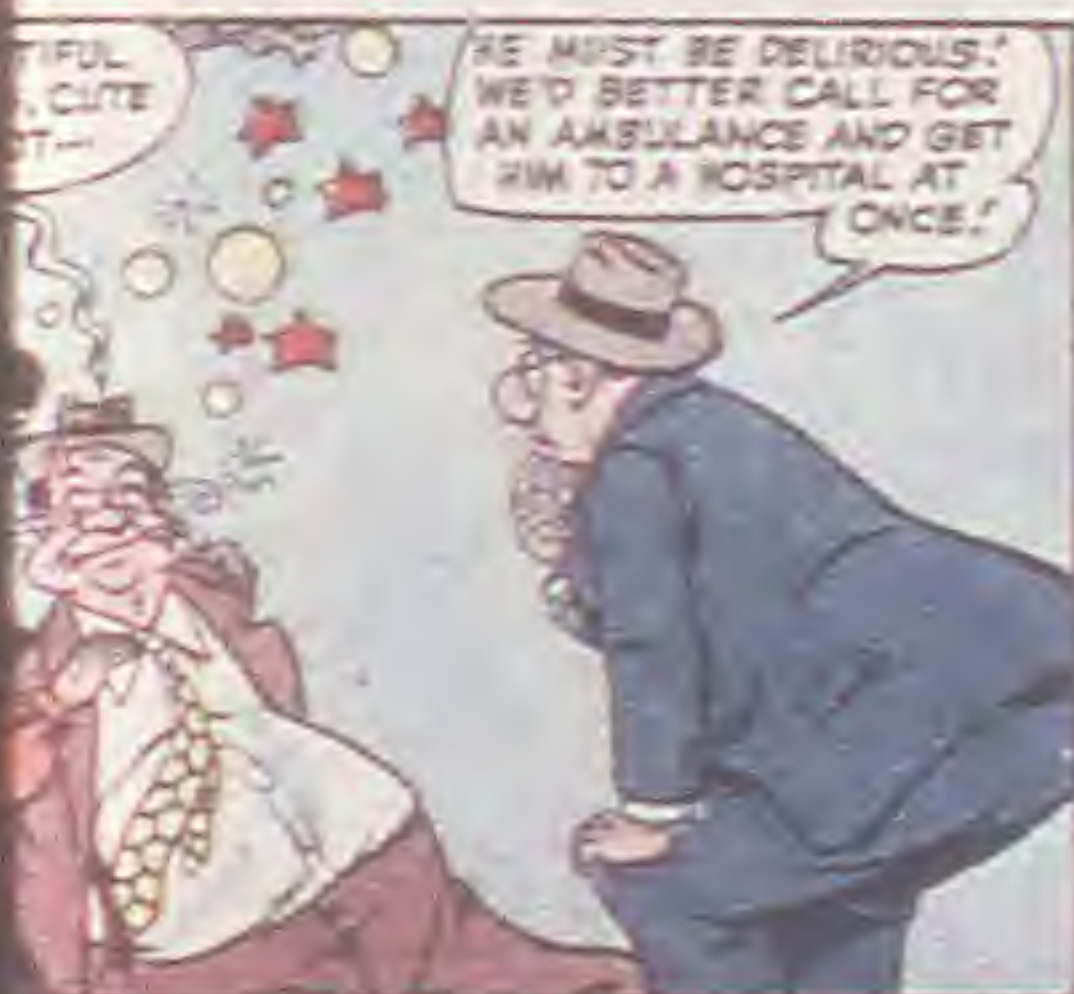














EZRA



HEY, EZRA, LET'S BREEZE
DOWN TO THE SODA SHOP
AFTER CLASSES AND
HOIST A CHERRY FIZZ!

OOOF! COUNT ME OUT, ROLLO!
I FINALLY SIGNED UP MYRNA
FOR A DATE! I'M TO MEET
HER AFTER SCHOOL!

AND BOY, I'M GONNA BE A
CLASS "A" SWOON GUY, TOO!
DEAN DILSBURY HAS BEEN
GIVING ME SOME TOUGH
COMPETITION LATELY, BUT...



WELL, GOOD LUCK, RALLY! AND, SPEAKING OF DILSBURY, THAT CREEP OUGHTA BE SOLD FOR SCRAP!

ULP! DID YOU
LATER, ROLLO!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU JOKERS HAVE BEEN RAKING ME OVER THE COALS! WHAT'S A MATTER, JEALOUS?

UH...UM... SO IT'S OLD NOSE-FOR-NEWS HIM-SELF, EH! WELL, LISTEN TO THIS LITTLE TIDBIT...

EZRA'S CUTTING YOU OUT TODAY, CHUM! HE'S GOT A DATE WITH MYRNA! IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR ROMED APPROACH HASN'T GONE OVER TOO WELL AFTER ALL! HA HA!



I THOUGHT I CONVINCED MYRNA THAT EZRA WAS A PHONY! I'LL START A CAMPAIGN THIS TIME THAT'LL FREEZE HIM OUT PERMANENTLY!

AH, THERE'S THE ANSWER!

HI, LOIS! CAN I SEE YOU FOR A MINUTE?

AND JUST BECAUSE MYRNA WON THE CLASS ELECTION SHE THINKS SHE'S CLEVER!

HUH? OH, HELLOOOO, DEAN!



I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA, LOIS, AND...

YOU HAVE? WHAT IS IT? TEE, HEE!

IT'S JUST THIS...

WHY SHOULD I PLAY UP TO EZRA INSTEAD OF TO YOU... ER, WELL, WHY SHOULD I?

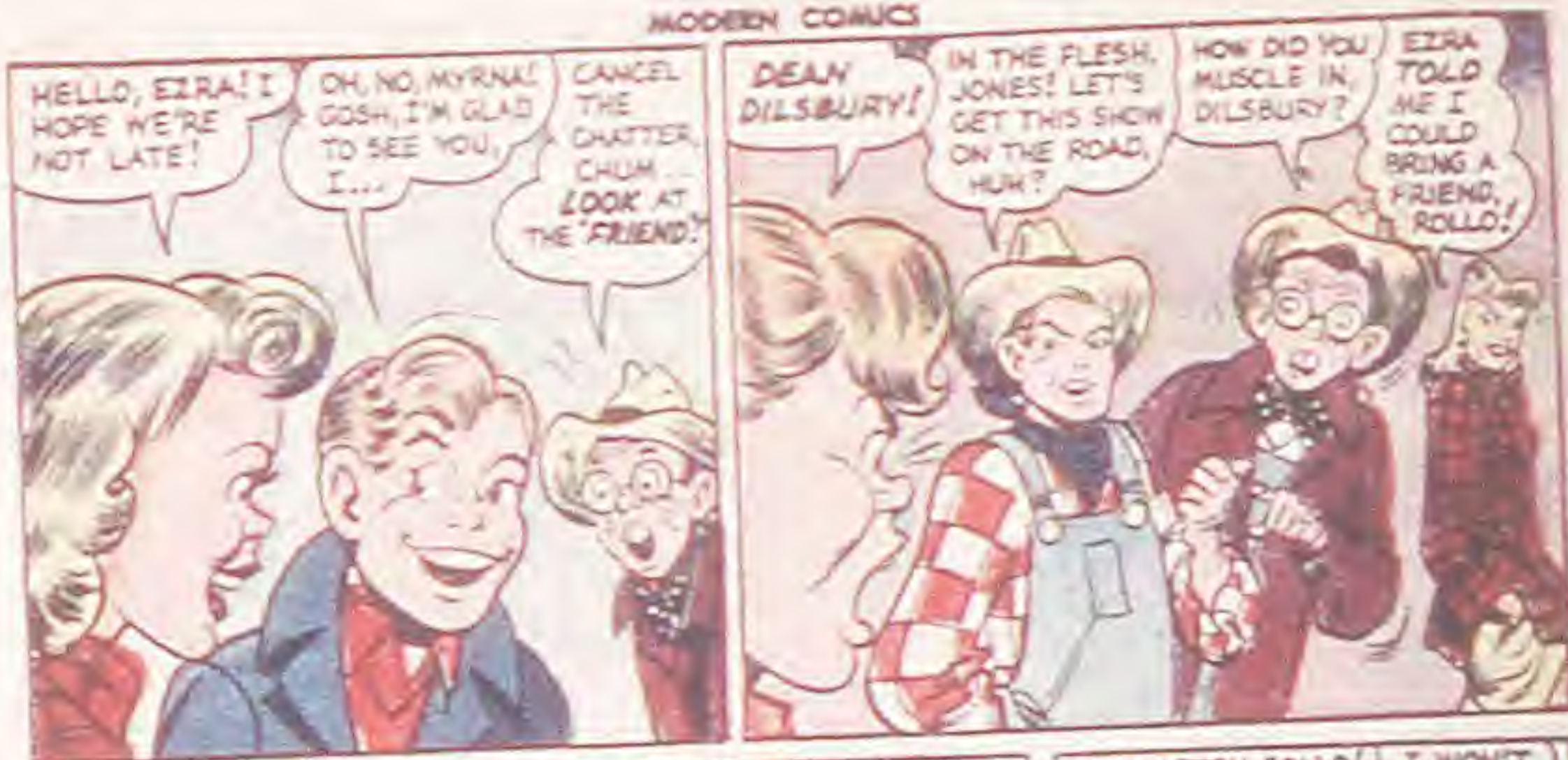
YOU WANT TO GET EVEN WITH MYRNA FOR BEATING YOU OUT ON THE ELECTION, DON'T YOU? AND I'LL BE SURE TO SEE YOU LATER...











WHY, OF COURSE I
FORGIVE YOU, DEAN
DEAR! I'LL BE THERE
IN A FLASH!



YOU'RE LOOKIN' SIT
MIGHTY PROUD, TIGHT
PARTNER! I HOPE YOU
HAVEN'T STARTED
ANOTHER PLOT!



A few minutes later...

HERE I AM,
DEAN DARLING!

HUH?

WELL!
WHAT'S
THIS?



WASN'T YOU KNOW THAT
DEAN ASKED ME TO
COME HERE ESPECIALLY
TO SQUARE OUR
ACCOUNTS, MYRNA
MOORE?

WHAT?

NOW
WAIT A
MINUTE!



I DON'T KNOW WHY I
EVER TRUSTED YOU, DEAN
DILSBURY... THE WAY YOU
LIED ABOUT EZRA AND
EVERYTHING ELSE! THIS
IS THE END!

LET'S GET
OUT OF
HERE,
DARLING!

YIPPEEE!



JUST A TOUCH OF
THE GRANT
GENIUS, BOY!



BUT I GUESS A GENIUS PAYS THE
PRICE OF SOLITUDE! HERE I GET
EZRA FIXED UP AND I DON'T EVEN
THINK OF MYSELF! THAT ANGLE'S
GOT ME STUMPED! WOTTA HAYRIDE...
I MEAN, SLEIGH RIDE FOR NOBLE
ROLLO!



ADVENTURE

WHEN Blackhawk and his companions stepped from the plane that had brought them to the Manila airport from Calcutta that day, a young U. S. Army lieutenant stepped stiffly up to them, a squad of riflemen at his back.

"You men are the Blackhawks?" he asked crisply.

"Yes, Lieutenant," Blackhawk himself answered the query.

"Then you are under Military arrest!" snapped the lieutenant. He wheeled to the corporal in charge of the squad. "Put these men in irons, Corporal," he ordered, "and load them into the prison van."

Consternation showed on the faces of the new arrivals. As one of the men stepped up to Blackhawk and snapped a pair of steel handcuffs onto his wrists, the leader of the famous band of adventurers lifted his head and stared into the unwavering eyes of the officer. "By whose orders is this being done?" Blackhawk asked tersely.

The lieutenant ignored the question and snapped another command at his corporal.

The prisoners were lined up and marched to a truck at the edge of the field. They were seated in the rear, with the Lieutenant and two enlisted men acting as guards, and the truck was off.

As the truck approached the gate that led to the highway outside, the lieutenant looked at Blackhawk and said abruptly, "There's a man loafing by the gate. As we go through it, take a good look at him. And no questions, please. I have orders not to talk."

Blackhawk did look, and saw a small man with a sly face and a two-day growth of beard. Blackhawk then turned his eyes back to the lieutenant, but, seeing that the man had his face averted, he shrugged and settled back on the seat.

In a little while the truck pulled into a narrow alley and stopped. The prisoners were marched into a nondescript house and left in a dim room. A man dressed in a colonel's uniform sat behind a desk in the room. He was smiling.

"How are you, Blackhawk?" asked the colonel.

It took a moment for Blackhawk to recognize the colonel. Then he took a quick step forward and exclaimed in surprise, "Colonel Swan!"

A great light began to break over the whole mysterious matter. "So, you're the one behind this business. I might have known it!"

The colonel chuckled and shot a glance out from under bushy eyebrows at the lieutenant who had followed Blackhawk and his crew into the room. "Take the handcuffs off these men, Lieutenant Flanders," he ordered. "We can all relax now."

While the cuffs were being removed, the colonel explained. "You remember the man Lieutenant Flanders told you to observe, Blackhawk?"

Blackhawk nodded.

"Your arrest and subsequent treatment as dangerous criminals was for his benefit," said the colonel. "The man's name," continued Colonel Swan, "is Jay Noon. He is employed by a character called Nicholas Dimitri, who is suspected of having co-operated with the late Japanese Army of occupation and of amassing a considerable fortune thereby. Dimitri is under investigation by the joint staffs of the Philippine and American intelligence units. But so far, we've been unable to uncover the slightest evidence that he was working with the Japs."

The colonel paused a moment and then went on quickly. "That's where you come in," he said. "Dimitri's getting nervous. He's afraid of the investigation and wants to leave the country with his cash and, we suspect, certain papers. That's why Jay Noon's been haunting the airport. He's been trying to find someone that would fly his boss out of the country. Catch?"

"Yes," replied Blackhawk. "You want us to let Noon proposition us to fly his boss out. You figure that will flush Dimitri's cash and papers out into the open. Your agents will then meet us at our destination, confiscate the loot and the papers and arrest Dimitri."

"Right!" said the colonel. "We're sure those papers of his are the evidence we need to convict Dimitri of collaboration with the enemy. We'll release a statement to the press that you boys are suspected of being smugglers, but have been released for lack of evidence. I'm positive Dimitri will bite."

"Well, Colonel Swan," said Blackhawk, smiling at the eager faces of his crew, "you know what our answer is. We'll co-operate!"

It was two o'clock in the morning. Flood lights made the Landing strip at the Manila air-

look like a stream of glowing, molten metal. Blackhawk led the roaring motors more and more. The plane rolled down the runway towards the night sky at the far end of the field. The tail lifted, then the rolling wheels, and they were off the ground and away on the long flight to Manila.

Blackhawk set the controls and glanced back over his shoulder at the crew and the passenger they had taken aboard a few minutes before leaving the airport. "Everything is satisfactory?" he asked, trying to keep the distaste he felt for the man out of his intonation.

"Yes," replied Nicholas Dimitri, easing his bulky body back in his seat by the window, and taking a firmer hold on the bulging briefcase that lay on his lap. "Yes, indeed," he repeated. Suddenly he pulled a heavy automatic pistol out of his pocket pocket, levelled it at Blackhawk and the crew. "Very satisfactory," he sneered.

Olaf, the Swede, started to rise from his seat, his pale eyes glinting dangerously. "I ban tear you in two," he said gutturally.

"Sit down!" grunted Dimitri. "Sit down, or I will blow off your thick head."

As Olaf sat down, warned by a look from Blackhawk, the fat man turned his head towards the tail of the plane. "Jay!" he called. "Come out and give me a hand with these fools."

The door of the cargo compartment opened, and Jay Noon came out, a grin on his lips and a ugly looking sub-machine gun in his hands. He swung the gun around to cover the Blackhawk and said derisively, "Surprised, huh?"

"Could be," replied Blackhawk, "but what's all about? When you contacted us back in Manila last night, we made a deal to fly Dimitri to the U. S. Nobody said anything about keeping us under guard."

Dimitri's throaty voice broke in. "That is quite true," he said, "and were you truly as smart as you claimed, this wouldn't have happened. But," he shrugged his shoulders in an attitude of resignation, "you are not! No, you are the Blackhawks. And you are working for the U. S. Military Intelligence with the sole purpose of trapping me. Bot," and Dimitri shrugged his shoulders again. "I have trapped you instead."

"So?" jeered Chuck from his seat next to

Stanislav. "What do we do now, Dance?"

"No," snapped the fat man. "You will fly us to the island of Palawan. You will land at a certain inlet which I shall point out. The spot is remote and very, very private. We will kill you there and take the plane. Jay will fly it to a point on the coast of California, and there we will destroy it and lose ourselves in one of your great American cities. Neither you or the plane will ever be found. Presently the authorities will presume it was lost at sea."

"I see," replied Blackhawk thoughtfully. "Knowing you also were aboard, the authorities will think you, too, were lost. A very clever plan, my fat traitor, but—" and here Blackhawk shot a quick glance at little Chop Chop, who, while attention was diverted away from him, had climbed into the baggage rack overhead—"I don't think it will work."

"You fool," boasted Dimitri hoarsely. "I—" He broke off in mid-sentence as Chop Chop landed on his fat shoulders from the rack overhead. He clawed frantically at the little Chinese.

At the same moment, the big Swede, Olaf, hurled a coiled safety belt at Jay Noon. It slapped the little gunman, across the mouth and threw him off guard for a moment. Before he could recover, Stanislav, the Pole, had rushed him, and knocked the sub-machine gun from his hands. Noon took one look at the towering Pole and slipped to the floor in a dead faint.

Meanwhile, Chop Chop and Chuck had disarmed the fat man, while Andre danced around on the edges of the fray, excitedly egging his companions on.

A few minutes later, Dimitri and Jay Noon were lying in the aisle of the plane, trussed hand and foot. Andre and Chuck, meanwhile, examined the contents of the briefcase.

Inside it was nearly a half-million U. S. dollars and a small packet of important looking papers.

"Holy smokes!" exclaimed Chuck as he pried his way through them. "These papers are records of cash transactions between Dimitri and the Japanese Army Commander. That's good, eh?"

"Good enough," replied Blackhawk as he swung the nose of the plane back towards Manila. "To send Nicholas Dimitri to prison for the rest of his unnatural life."

CHOO CHOO



LET'S NOT SPREAD THE GOOD NEWS TO ALL OUR CREDITORS YET, GAL! I'LL ONLY BE AN EXTRA! AT LEAST, THOUGH, IT'S AN IN!

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE MOVIE?

IT'S "LONDON LIFE" AND GODFREY STACE IS THE STAR! HE'S TERRIFIC! WEBSTER ZINF WILL DIRECT; I'LL BE ONE OF THE MOB! BUT BEING ON THE SAME SET WITH TWO BIG SHOTS IS ENOUGH!

SOUNDS GOOD! BUT DO ME A FAVOR THIS TIME, CHOO CHOO, AND DON'T PULL ANY MORE STUNTS TO ATTRACT ATTENTION TO YOURSELF!

AND EXACTLY HOW AM I GOING TO GET AHEAD IF NOBODY NOTICES ME!



YOU'VE LOUSED UP A DOZEN CHANCES BY USING THAT ROUTINE, AND NOW WE REALLY NEED THE CASH! SO PLEASE, JUST DO AS THEY TELL YOU, COLLECT YOUR PRY, AND TIDDLE SOME, WHAT?

OH, ALL RIGHT, BUT I'M STILL NOT IN FAVOR OF IT! ONWARD AND UPWARD IS MY THEORY!

IF YOU PULL ANY MORE ATTENTION-GETTING DEALS IT'LL BE DOWNWARD AND DOWNWARD FOR US!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAG ME, CHERRY! I AGREED TO STICK TO THE SCRIPT, DIDN'T I... NOT THAT EXTRAS GET A SCRIPT TO GO BY!

I'D JUST AS SOON HANG AROUND AND WATCH YOU SAUNTER SAFELY TO THE CASHIER'S WINDOW!



EXTRAS FOR "LONDON LIFE"

OKAY, OKAY... KEEP MOVIN'!

MCM STUDIOS KEEP OUT









WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,
IT'S GOT A NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX
MAKES BRAKES FOR CARS,
TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!



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BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER AND
STOPS QUICKER!



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TRAINING
UNDER
G. I. BILL

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Extra Cash & Spare Time

"Earned enough spare time cash to pay for my course by time I graduated."—J. E. SMITH, Newark, New Jersey.



J. E. SMITH, Newark, New Jersey.

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